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To my dearest
Gwen.

Best wishes for 1951.

Marion Churchill Roulston

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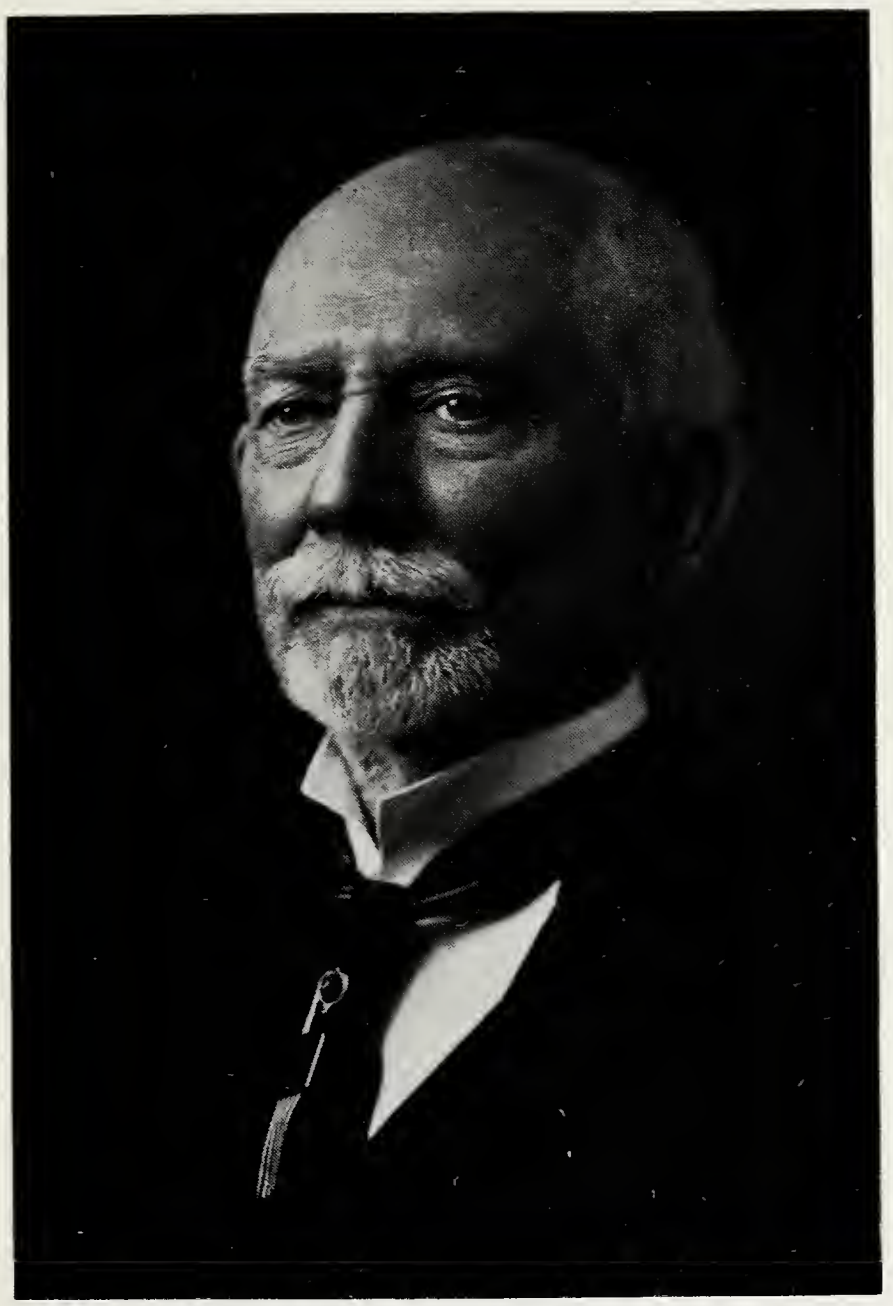
MEMORIES OF

OWEN HUMPHREY CHURCHILL

and his family

Marion Churchill Raulston

1950



Owen Humphrey Churchill
1841 – 1916

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MEMORIES OF O. H. CHURCHILL

These memories of my father come to you not as somber, pretentious history but rather as a collection of fragrant memories; lively, human, and often terrifying memories.

Few pioneers in Los Angeles could relate as many thrilling and amusing experiences coupled with danger and hardships in the early days as could Owen Humphrey Churchill. His was a harsh, bitter and unceasing struggle, making such demands of human energy and strength, human faith and courage, as we who live today can scarce conceive.

Churchill

ANCESTRY IN EUROPE

THE Churchill family is of ancient French lineage. An account of this ancestry is included in a letter written May 20, 1894, by James O. Churchill of 415 Locust Street, St. Louis, to Colonel M. Churchill of Zanesville, Ohio:

"My dear Sir: In looking over some old papers today I found yours of March 28th, 1889, congratulating me on being the first 'Churchill' appointed under the Harrison Administration. You close by saying that you were a descendant of John (1643), Eleanor, Elkanah, Amaziah, Solomon, and Soloman (father). I am the descendant of John's son *William*. You may be interested in the previous ancestry. I will give you as short a synopsis as possible, leaving out many of the brothers and sisters.

In the eleventh century one Wandril de Leon became Lord of Coureil, afterwards changed to Coureilles; he lived in the town of Les Andelys, Normandy. Later he adopted as his family name 'de Courcil.' His sons accompanied William the Conqueror into Brittainy, where they fought in the great Battle of Hastings in 1066 and were rewarded with grants of land in Dorsetshire, Somersetshire, Wiltshire, and Schropshire. In England, during the year of 1200, the name was

changed to 'Churchill' and has so remained for centuries.

The first of the name, Elias (Churchill), of whom there is any record in England, lived in the time of Edward the 2nd, who signed a deed granting land to Elias in 1315.

Elias, born 1275, had three sons, John, Giles, and *William*.

William (1st) born 1325 had a son Giles.

Giles, born 1360, had a son Charles.

Charles, born 1400, had a son Thomas.

Thomas, born 1430, had a son William (2nd).

William (2nd), born 1460, had three sons, Roger, William (3rd), and John. The Duke of Marlborough descended from Roger. As the male line ran out on the death of his son, about 1700, his eldest daughter, Henrietta, who had married a Spencer, was authorized by act of Parliament to change her name to 'Churchill' and continue the name.

William (3rd), born 1490, had a son *William* (4th).

William (4th), born 1520, had a son John (2nd).

John (2nd), born 1550, had five sons (among them, John [3rd]) and three daughters.

John (3rd), born 1580, had two sons, John (4th) and Josiah; both born in Dorsetshire.

John (4th), born 1624, and Josiah both came

to Plymouth, Mass., on the 'Speedwell' in 1643. In 1670 John owned a large farm in what is now South Plymouth. He married in 1644 Hannah Pontus and had five sons, Joseph, Eleazer, *William* (5th), John, and Henry and two daughters, Hannah and Mary. Josiah settled in Wethersfield, Connecticut, in 1639. He was a soldier of the Pequot War and a surveyor of the town of Wethersfield; married Elizabeth, daughter of Nathaniel Foote of Colonial fame.

William (5th) born 1649 had a son *William* (6th).

William (6th) born 1675 had a son David.

David (born 1705) had four sons, among them *James*, for whom this writer (James O.) was named, and one daughter.

James, born 1746, was Sergt., Ensign and Lieut. in the Revolutionary War and was commissioned Captain by Governor John Hancock at the close of the War. He had a son Oliver.

Oliver, born 1766, married Saba Soule, descendant of George Soule who came over in the 'Mayflower' in 1620. They had two sons, one of them was Oliver (my father), and three daughters.

Oliver (2nd), born 1794, had two sons, Thomas L. and James O. who was born July 15, 1835, and was in the late War. He had two daughters, Margaret and Emma, and one son, James O., Jr. (myself).

Owen Humphrey Churchill at the age of thirty.

William Churchill (1649-1710) and his brother George came to the United States in 1669. *William* settled in Virginia, and is the ancestor of the southern branch of the family who came from the same section of the country in England, and belonged to the same family as John of Plymouth.

How are you getting along in these *Good Democratic Times?* How is it to be, is the country going to the 'Bow-wows,' or, what is to become of it anyway?

I am in the fire insurance business, same as before the War, in Freeport, Illinois. Am living just like the rest of the world. Mrs. Gen'l Grant received the Loyal Legion recently at Lindell Hotel; tomorrow, she with friends and about a dozen of the Loyal Legion (the writer among them), go by special train, donated by the Missouri Pacific, to Ironton (75 miles south) to see the monument put up by the 21st Infantry, on the spot where Grant received his commission as Brigdier General.

Excuse this long scrawl, and believe me,

Truly yours,

James O. Churchill, Jr."

"P.S. I never have heard of any of the above having been hanged or put in the Pen!"

Frances Alberta Churchill, 1890

EARLIEST AMERICAN ANCESTORS

OUR earliest known paternal ancestor was *William* Churchill, born 1649 in North Hampton, Oxfordshire, England. He and his brother George came from England to America in 1689. George settled in New York but *William* finally came to Virginia and settled at Bushby Park on the Rappahannock River in Virginia. He was a leader in the affairs of his day. From 1691 to 1692 he served as a member of the Assembly; was a warden and a vestryman of Christ Church, Middlesex, Va., in 1703; and in 1705 he was a member of the Virginia Council. He married October 5, 1703, Elizabeth Armistead Wormsley, daughter of Colonel John Armistead Wormsley, distinguished Virginia Councilor. He died in November, 1710, in Virginia.

The line descends through their son William Armistead Churchill, born July 25, 1704, and his wife Hannah Harrison.

Their son Armistead Churchill born February 24, 1726, and Elizabeth Bakewell. [Virginia County Records, page 235, refer to "Armistead Churchill, Colonel of 2nd Batalion."]

Their son John Armistead, and Virginia Humphrey.

The indications are that we are of the same line of descendants of the Churchill family as is the Hon.

Winston S. Churchill – his father Randolf (married to Jennie Jerome) was a fifth cousin of *William* (5th).

My great grandfather George Churchill was born in Virginia, 1766, and died at Bissel, Illinois, May 15, 1837. On February 13, 1797, he married Sarah Arnold of Woodford County, Ky. She died in October 1847 in Sangamon County, Illinois. Both are buried near Bissel, Illinois.

Graves of George and Sarah Arnold Churchill

George Churchill and family lived first in Woodford County, Kentucky. In 1827 they moved to Sangamon County, Illinois. They had eleven children. His wife's father, John Arnold, pioneer, settled that part of Fayette which became Woodford County. He served three years in the War of the Revolution. The Records in the War Dept. at Washington, D. C., state: "John Arnold, ser-

geant in Captain Lapsley's Company, 8th Virginia Regiment." His name appears only on an "Account of all monies received and paid by Abraham Hite, Paymaster of the 8th Virginia Regiment of Foot to officers and privates of said Regiment from the first day of October, 1778, to the first day of January, 1779." This indicates that he received thirty dollars for each of the months of October, November, and December. The office of the Secretary of the Commonwealth of Virginia at Richmond indicates that "Under Land Bounty Warrant No. 1615, John Arnold was given the proportion of land allowed a sergeant of the Continental Line for three years service." In the records of Woodford County, Kentucky, it is written that John Arnold received two hundred acres, Warrant No. 1615, August 1732, for having served three years as a sergeant. This land was located in the Green River district, where the first Land Grants in Kentucky were made by Virginia during the period from 1782 to 1797. These were for military service both in the French and Indian Wars and the Revolutionary War. Until 1797 no person could enter a survey in the Green River district except a soldier. (Will book F, page 121, May 3, 1819, Woodford Co., Kentucky.) Later John had a grant of one thousand acres of land (from Patrick Henry) which extended from what is now Troy Pike, four miles from Versailles, Ky., to the Kentucky River. John and his wife had ten children. The name of John's father, Nickolas Arnold (1737-1881), is on the tablet in Paris, Ky., as one of the Revolutionary soldiers buried in Bourbon Co.

Honeymoon Portrait, San Francisco, 1882

REVOLUTIONARY DAYS

THE story of this family and their arrival in Kentucky is related by John Arnold's wife, Elizabeth Hitt, in a letter (the original is in the State Historical Society of Wisconsin. Draper MS. 11cc241): "I came to Kentucky in August, 1781. There were 180 of us. Among these were Lewis Craig, Baptist teacher, and many of his congregation. They prayed and sang every night. Craig had not a great talent for teaching, but was not to be beat at exhortation. Never saw an Indian, Providence seemed to order that there sho'd be none. T'was th't there wo'd be no more Indians but next spring, March, one Hawkins, who with 7 or 8 men had just spent the winter there looking over the country was killed when Indians attacked them in their sleep by the road. At Bryant's Station where we settled, we had hempseed and in March my two boys would bring in wool which I wove into coverlids. Most of our horses were stolen by Indians. Hicky Lay went out to carry his horse to grass, on his return he was shot in the calf of the leg — the ball went thro' the heart of the horse, which ran about 60 yds. and fell dead. Lay then ran 10 or 15 yds. and was struck in the back with a tomihawk severing 3 ribs, the Indians ran up to him and scalped him. When his men got to him, the hair wasn't done rising from Lay's neck where they had tried to scalp him.

Marriage Certificate

THIS CERTIFIES

That Mr Owen W. Churchill of Sun River Mon Co and
Miss Frances Alberta Porter of Lexington Ky.

WERE BY ME UNITED IN MARRIAGE

at Lexington, Ky. according to the Laws of the
State of Kentucky on the 20th day of April

IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD

Witnesses. E. T. Kempe 1884.
Sarah E. Brandon. Mary Milward.
W. L. Mungood. Henry S. Milward. HOLY BIBLE
Geo. Robbins.

A. J. Jutkins. Pastor of
Centenary M. E. Church.

The Churchills' Marriage License

"At Bryant's Fort, they were attacked Aug. 1782 by Simeon Girty with his 30 British and five hundred Indians; there were only thirty men to defend the Fort. Arnold helped repulse the attack and was accidentally and temporarily blinded. His double triggered gun failed to fire. He removed the lock, replaced it and it was acidentally discharged in his hand; the powder flashed up into his eyes. Two women near him narrowly escaped being shot." (Draper MS. 11 cc. Pages 241 to 245.) During this battle, his wife Elizabeth helped carry water to put out the fires and keep up the Fort.

The big spring at Old Bryant Station, near Lexington, Ky., from which Elizabeth carried water.

The Indians shot fiery arrows into the Fort all night but could not set it on fire; this is believed to be the reason they gave up the attack.

Later they, in a party of eleven, moved into what is now Woodford County and finally settled in January or February of 1783 at a small place known as Craig's Fort, about seven miles from Versailles; this was known later as Woolfolk's Farm.

The Churchill Residence at 2201 S. Figueroa Street, Los Angeles, taken in 1898

TO OREGON WITH A COVERED WAGON

MY GRANDFATHER, Willoughby Churchill, son of George and Sarah Arnold, was born February 15, 1809, in Shelby County. He remained in Shelbyville, Kentucky, until 1827. Then he heard of the very rich lands in Sangamon County, Illinois, and he migrated to Mechanisburg, eighteen miles northeast of Springfield, Illinois. About this same time his boyhood friend, Abraham Lincoln, who was three days older than my grandfather, joined him in Illinois, where they continued to be close friends. Both volunteered in the Blackhawk war, became messmates and enjoyed many bouts of wrestling and other sports. On October 6, 1834, Willoughby married Elizabeth J. Humphries; they had six children; my father, Owen Humphrey Churchill, their second son, was born June 16, 1841.

In 1851 Willoughby Churchill brought the entire family in a "Covered Wagon" over the Oregon Trail. He was made Captain of one hundred prairie schooners and four hundred people. The trip west extended over a period of eighteen months. These sturdy pioneers wanted to get something, to get somewhere, and were willing to work hard for it. They suffered hardships, braved desert heat, winter blizzards and hostile Indians. My father was only nine years old at this time.

After leaving Council Bluffs, Iowa, they saw no white

At the Figueroa Residence: (left to right) Mrs. Churchill, Mrs. Cox, Aunt May Judkins, Mr. Churchill, Rev. Judkins, Mr. Cox, Owen Churchill, Gertrude Churchill.

people until they arrived at Fort Laramie, Wyoming, and then not again until Fort Hall where they found Johnnie Grant conducting a trading post. At one point the entire party was held up by a band of Pawnee Indians who demanded exorbitant toll for crossing a bridge over Shell Creek, Nebraska. This bridge had been built by previous pioneers. The elder Churchill boldly defied the Indians and marched across the bridge with

his entire party; but David Newsome, in charge of another train, remained to parley and was finally compelled to pay excessively for the privilege of crossing.

Encounters with Indians were frequent—at one time an entire family was wiped out with the exception of a 14-year-old boy who hid among the willows along the river bank. The last serious trouble occurred at Raft River, Utah, where this stream empties into the Snake River. The train had become careless and was scattered out for several miles. As they were crossing the river Indians swooped down on the middle section of the train; killed many of the party and captured some cattle. These Indians were followed by a party of twenty-five men and were finally overtaken on an elevated plateau, but it was impossible to dislodge them. After a fight in which several white men were killed, pursuit was abandoned and the pioneers returned to the train. After this incident more watchfulness was exercised.

A humorous incident occurred when on a Sunday the caravan paused for a day's rest near a ranch. The women were gossiping and catching up on their laundry and mending, and the men were engaged in wrestling bouts and races. They persuaded young Churchill, my father, to fight the rancher's son. In the fracas he nearly bit off the rancher boy's big toe, hanging on until they had to be separated. Many years later when my father rode into Texas to purchase cattle he stopped at a shack for the night. Finding no one in, he made himself at home and prepared his supper. In those days travelers were always welcome in any camp or ranch. Finally the owner

arrived, greetings were exchanged, and they prepared for bed. When the host took off his boots, my father noticed the man's deformed big toe and asked, "Partner, did you have trouble over that toe?" The rancher replied, "When I was a boy some young rascal, who was stopping at my father's ranch almost bit my toe off." Father hesitated, calculating whether it was safe to tell him the truth, in the meantime having his hand on his gun. He finally did plead guilty, and all the host said was, "Well what do you think of that, you old pole cat, let's shake!"

MY GRANDMOTHER'S DEATH ON THE JOURNEY

N July 27, 1851, at the Crossing of Bear River, which is now The Dalles, my father's mother died from the results of childbirth when Thomas A. Churchill was born. She was buried at the foot of the Cascade Mountains in Wasco County, Oregon, and was the first woman of the "Covered Wagons" to be buried west of the Rocky Mountains. Many years later, after my father had moved to Los Angeles, he made a special trip to The Dalles country in an effort to find his mother's grave. He failed in this attempt but provided for the creation of a memorial to her, a children's day nursery, approximately where he thought she might be buried. Also, with the co-operation of the Woman's Club of The Dalles, a suitable memorial "The Resurrection," a stained glass window, was erected to Mrs. Churchill's memory in the Plymouth Congregational Church of The Dalles.

About this time as they neared the Pacific Coast a decision had to be made by the train of schooners whether to continue on the Oregon Trail or go south. Willoughby Churchill stuck to the Oregon Trail. Many of those who branched off southward through Donner Pass died from exposure or were killed by marauding Indians. A few weeks later the Churchill contingent reached the Willamette River, Oregon, their destination.

Willoughby Churchill settled first at Roseburg, West Oregon, on the Umpqua River. Here he married on August 11, 1852, Matilda A. Price (born January 12. 1828). After six years, they moved to Harrisburg, Lynn County, Oregon. They had six children, and settled later at Halsey, Oregon.

Mrs. O. H. Churchill, the bride, in Lexington, Ky.

MY FATHER LEAVES HOME

WHEN my father was sixteen years of age, his father gave him five hundred dollars which he was to use to go to San Francisco and attend college. On his way there he met a prospector, Dr. Bell, who lured him to join in the gold rush to British Columbia. They encountered many dangers and hardships, but drifted on to Idaho still prospecting for gold along the Kootenai River and Pend Oreille, upper St. Joe, Lewiston County and into Orafino, Idaho, where they were fairly successful. Then on still further through the Salmon River County, Oregon.

It has been said by a philosopher that the hardships and privations endured are one's fondest memories. Such was the feeling of my father. He would tell many remarkable stories when in a reminiscent mood. One such almost unbelievable experience he recalled: "After our unsuccessful prospecting in British Columbia we started from Rock Creek, Oregon, our destination being The Dalles, Oregon, a distance of about six hundred miles. Our supplies consisted of provisions for only five days. We expected, however, to meet a pack train en route and replenish our food. In this we were disappointed. For six days we subsisted on the inner bark from trees along the trail and grass root dug from the bed of the creek. When almost exhausted from hunger we managed to kill a badger which kept us alive until

we reached Chickalac Lake, four days later. Here we expected to meet another pack train but missed it. On the way back we dug up the badger which we had buried and chewed on the remains of its hide."

During his prospecting days he learned to speak the Chinook language, and in fact, could even sing Indian songs. More often he used the Indian sign language of the hands. He also was taught the Indian dances.

He told me of another such tragic experience: "On a mining expedition, always on foot, we left our campfire and tent hoping to shoot some animals or birds for our evening meal. On returning we found the tent and all provisions burned to the ground. From then on for days we lived only on choke cherries."

Later, continuing prospecting: "After working all summer on what looked like a paying proposition in the Rock Creek country, Oregon, and after investing about $1,100.00 in it, we found that our efforts had been in vain. Winter was coming on and we had not a cent in the world. But with that determination which always brings success, the following spring found us hopeful and ready to continue the search for the elusive gold."

PROSPECTING FOR GOLD

STILL resourceful and stout-hearted: "At Orafino, an Idaho mining camp, a report came to us of a new discovery exceedingly rich, at Salmon River, Oregon. There were three of us, Charlie Timmies, Dan Campbell, and myself. We packed at once and headed for the goal. The distance was two hundred fifty miles, and we had to tramp it on snow shoes, carrying our provisions on our backs. The temperature was 20 below zero. We had fair walking, no snow of any consequence until we reached Clearwater at Lawyer's Canyon. From there to a bluff we had to cross a high plateau covered with a foot of crusted snow, which was hardly sufficient to hold us up. This made hard walking. Campbell and I, being long-legged and angular, got along better than Timmies, who was stubby and short-legged. Campbell and I took turns breaking the path. Owing to the fact that we broke through with every step, we took long strides. This made it extremely hard on Timmies to span our steps and at about two-thirds of the way across the plateau he became very tired and proposed striking camp; but this we could not do owing to the fact that we were on a bleak prairie land with no shelter, no wood for fires. It was freezing cold, and we had run out of food. We persuaded him to keep on but soon he became utterly incapable of carrying his pack and we had to take over. Finally he couldn't walk at all, so Campbell took all three packs and I carried Timmies for many

miles. When we intersected the Lewiston train in White Bird Canon, Idaho, it was growing dark. We thought we saw ahead of us cattle, which meant that a camp was not far away; but coming nearer we found them to be tops of pine trees. At last at the crown of the next hill we sighted smoke down in the canon and found a camp of five or six miners who invited us to cook supper by their fire. Although worn out we managed to prepare our food and Timmies regained strength enough to join us. The next morning, still sore and tired, we started out again and walked twenty-two miles to Silverton's. From here we had twelve miles of climbing with snow five or six feet deep, and then on twenty-eight miles further to Florence on the Salmon River. Persistence had won the battle!"

Father Churchill and his cattle at Sun River

FATHER ACCIDENTALLY KILLS AN INDIAN

STILL believing the pot of gold was "just over that next ridge" my father kept on "hoping." He told me this most exciting adventure which I wrote for the eighth grade graduating class paper of Norwood Grammar School, Los Angeles, which follows:

"AN ADVENTURE WITH THE INDIANS IN PIONEER DAYS"

During the summer of 1858 an Oregon-raised boy of seventeen years spent the summer prospecting and mining in British Columbia, and more particularly at Rock Creek and vicinity. He tells the rest of the story:

"One one occasion Dr. Bell, a prosperous miner of Rock Creek, said to me, 'How would you like to join me on a trip over to the old deserted mining camp of Samilkameen?' I replied, 'Doctor, first tell me what is the object of the trip.' 'As you know,' said he, 'miner's tools, such as shovels and picks, are very scarce in this camp. Over at the old deserted camp of Samilkameen there are quantities of miner's tools in the diggings, left there by the miners when they stampeded over here last spring. So I propose we saddle up a horse apiece to ride, and take with us a couple of pack horses to carry back the tools.' 'Your proposition is evidently a good one, and I am ready to join you. When shall we start?' I asked. 'Tomorrow morning will suit me,' answered the doctor. So it was agreed.

"The following morning at six o'clock found us in our saddles, and at midday we had reached the Okanagan River, thirty miles distant. The Okanagan River, like most mountain streams, was very rapid and wide. Just here was a very large Indian village, called Tonashet City, named in honor of an Indian chief bearing that name.

"As this stream was not fordable, we employed two Indians who had a canoe to carry us and our saddles across, and also to swim our horses. We knew that about three miles further on our journey we would come to the Samilkameen river, which is about as large as the Okanagan, and of course, unfordable. So, in our contract with the two Indians we included the round trip both going and returning, crossing both streams. The price agreed upon was a pair of twelve-dollar California blankets, to be handed to the Indians on our return trip. According to our contract we were taken across the Okanagan. The same Indians accompanied us on our journey three miles further to the Samilkameen river, where they had their canoes, and at once took us across. It was agreed and understood between ourselves and the Indians that just two days later we would return here and they were to be on hand at that time to take us back. So we separated, and the doctor and I went on to the old camp, gathered up our tools and returned to the river on time. We saw the Indians on the opposite bank, unpacked our horses, tied our ropes to them and drove them into the water. They swam across and were caught by the Indians on the opposite side and were tied to

trees. The Indians then came over in their canoes to ferry us and our packs. They gave us to understand that they were dissatisfied with the contract and that we must give them two pairs of blankets instead of one pair. My companion replied, 'We can not and will not stand the raise, so help us at once to put our things into the boat. If you positively refuse to take us across, we will cross ourselves and then turn your boat loose and let it be carried off by the rapid river.' But they refused to do it. Doctor said to me: "Can't you whip one of those Indians?' I replied, 'I do not know that I can, but I am willing to try.' 'Very well: grab a pickhandle and we will make a burnt offering of these Indians in a minute.' So, side by side, doctor and I, with picks in hand, advanced upon the redskins, who stood near the water. As we moved forward Doc cautioned me by saying, 'Now, young fellow, this is no boy's play, and when you strike be sure you make it count."

"A few steps further, we came up to the Indians, who had their canoe paddles raised and were motioning at us. As I was as close as I dared go without being hit by the Indians, I struck the Indian nearest me with my pickhandle, which knocked him down into the water. At the same time the other Indian ran away and Doc after him, but the Indian, wearing moccasins, could run so much faster, that Doc at once gave up the chase and returned to me. He stooped down to investigate the welfare and good health of the Indian, and finding him unconscious, exclaimed, 'Why, young fellow, you have hurt him.' He shook him again and yelled, 'Why, you

Mother Churchill in Los Angeles, 1930

have killed him; what did you hit him so hard for?' Then I answered, 'You told me when I struck to make it count, and as I had never struck an Indian before, I did not know how hard to hit, and so I struck my best.'

"We pulled the Indian out of the water on to the bank, put our things into the Indian's canoe, crossed the river and turned the boat loose. We then packed our things on our horses and made a bee line in double quick time for the Okanagan river, three miles further on at the large Indian village of Tonasket, where we were obliged to cross the river, and where we anticipated trouble with the Indians, owing to the absence of the two who were expected to return with us. But to our great pleasure, on nearing this point we saw, just ahead of us, fourteen miners from Caribou. We hurried and overtook them just as they were arranging with the Indians to cross the river, and they took us in as part of their company.

"In the course of a few minutes we were all across the river, and while packing our horses we heard a pistol shot. On looking around we discovered that one of the miners had shot and killed an Indian. This enraged the Indians and put everything into confusion. My companion and I, realizing what difficulty we had with the two Indians, and that we had sent one of them to the happy hunting grounds, thought our time had surely come. Mounting our horses we started on a dead run, and after following the main trail for a quarter of a mile, we turned to the left on a side trail, without being noticed by the Indians. This side trail led to Rock Creek. We followed it on a dead run, frequently looking back,

expecting to be overtaken by the Indians. Fortune smiled on us, however, and at 9:00 p.m. we reached Rock Creek in safety, with all our horses and tools, for which we were more than thankful.

"We let our horses loose on the commons, and then turned into our blankets, to renew in dreams our experiences of the preceding day.

"On the following morning we found our horses in a very pitiful condition. They were very worn and their backs were badly skinned.

"We afterwards learned that the fourteen miners kept to the right, down to the main trail which led to Walla Walla. They were pursued a couple of days by the Indians, who killed about half of their number."

O. H. WINS IN FOOT RACES

WHEN father was still a young man, he was camped in a valley in northern Idaho where there was a peaceful Indian tribe. On a Sunday, the miners and Blackhawk Indians congregated for foot races and other sports. The white men picked Churchill for a race, shouting "O. H., get in this, you can beat these red skins!" He consented and won easily. The big Indian chief then came over to Churchill, and proclaimed, "Hump, you fine man. You run fast. I wish you join our tribe and marry one of our women." My father declined the chief's offer, but was highly amused over the incident.

After acquiring some gold he had engaged an Indian guide to pilot him in a canoe down the dangerous rapids of a river but the guide fell asleep. Churchill and his precious gold dust were nearly lost. He threatened the Indian with death and so fearful was the Redskin of the white man's wrath that once clear of the rapids he jumped out and fled.

In the pioneer mining days, transporting gold dust to the towns miles and miles away was a terrific problem. Packing the gold dust in saddle bags on horses or carrying it on the stages was hazardous because of hold-ups, by both white men and Indians. Once when my father and his companion, Dr. Bell, had "struck it rich," panning gold, they were unwilling to take a chance using

the stages or horses. Instead, they built a raft out of logs and tied underneath the precious gold, protected by leather and rawhide. As they were carried down the river through cascades and rapids they were afraid of losing the gold on the protruding rocks. But again luck was with them, and they arrived safely at their destination.

FATHER GOES INTO THE CATTLE BUSINESS

FINALLY my father was one of the lucky discoverers of the Idaho Boise Basin gold deposit which many years later yielded ore worth several million dollars. At this time, after seven years of prospecting, he quit. He had become weary of this life of hardship. He had a total of $10,300.00, and in 1864 he bought his first herd of cattle in the Umpqua Valley, Oregon, for $1,000.00, and drove them to Walla Walla, Washington, where he kept them for the winter and following summer.

He told of a happy encounter which occurred during this trip. "We came up to a pack train, July, 1864. I saw a man who appeared to be familiar. I inquired, 'Are you H. H. Snow?' The man stuttered, 'Yes.' 'Did you ever know Churchill?', I asked. The rancher replied, 'Old Willoughby Churchill, are you one of his sons?' I answered 'Yes, let's have a shake.' He had crossed the plains in the prairie schooners with us sixteen years ago. We were headed for Fort Waillula, E. Oregon, but Snow urged us to join him at his camp, which was directly on our way. The animals could be rested and we could talk over old times. The next morning I showed him my fine twenty or thirty bucking broncos. He advised me to take them and my cattle to Montana where I could get as much as a hundred dollars a head for the cattle, while in

Walla Walla I would get only thirty-five dollars a head. For three days I thought over what he had said and finally decided to follow his advice. He drew a sort of map of the route to Montana which we followed, and we arrived October 22, 1865. We sold our herds of cattle to the butchers at $115.00 a head, better than Snow's anticipated price, and received a sum of sixty thousand dollars in gold dust. I never saw Snow again, but many years later, after I had retired in Los Angeles I went to the Siloam Sanatorium, Soap Lake, Washington, to take advantage of the curative powers of the lake. I there met the man who claimed to have discovered the Lake and its wonderful properties, but I was able to inform him that I had been taken to the Lake by friendly Indians over fifty-three years before, and that I was undoubtedly the first man to taste its waters which the Indians had regarded with superstitious veneration and called the water, 'Medicine of the Great Spirit.' While there I met two men, an army man and an old timer from Seattle where Snow in the old days wanted to settle. I asked if they knew him. The old timer yelled, 'I knew him well, he gave me the hardest race I ever had in my life. We were both candidates for the same office, in the State Senate; he beat me by three votes. He was a great speaker, shrewd and cunning.' My father was right, he predicted Snow would sometime be a Senator.

The Churchill Ranch at Sun River, Montana

TRANSPORTING GOLD DUST

But, going back to the time I had to transport sixty thousand dollars worth of gold dust from Montana to Walla Walla caused me much scheming, trouble, and anxiety. In the spring of 1866, I left Deer Lodge, I was horseback with a pack horse loaded with the gold dust. The first day I reached the mouth of Bear Gulch and remained over night at the horse ranch. During that evening Mr. Fairchild and Mr. John Day also arrived and the following morning we all left for Missoula. Fairchild took the lead; I, one hundred yards behind him, and Day the same distance from me. This was done as we feared hold-ups. By riding very fast we reached Missoula that evening and spent the night there. The next day at noon we reached Jack's Agency and made arrangements with the Indian agent for lumber to build a skiff. Day stayed on there to build the boat; while Fairchild and I continued on to the mouth of the Jocko River, and then sixteen miles further where it empties into the Pondarillo River. Here we rented a teepee from Baptiste, the Indian Chief, and then looked for a town site. We finally decided upon land at the mouth of the Jocko River and proceeded to survey it. Here we remained until Day completed the skiff, which we hauled with a yoke of oxen to the town site. In the meantime, while waiting, Fairchild and I filled in the time playing 'shinny' (sort of a hockey) with the Indians. In order to obtain a permit to estab-

lish a town site I had to give the Indian agent one-fourth interest in it. We left our horses with the Chief and employed a flathead Indian to pilot us down the river. We also laid in a supply of potatoes and dried buffalo tongue. Along the river were wild geese setting and laying eggs. The Indians knew from the way the geese flew off their nests whether the eggs were fresh or not and would run and pick them up. Also we trolled for trout and caught all we wanted. So we lived high! As I had the responsibility of the sixty thousand dollars of gold dust, we would stop at sundown *apparently* for the night, cooking our supper and remaining until dark. Then we would break camp and pull down the river to some remote point and spend the night; this we did to confuse any thieves. Midway to Semiackiteen we encountered two or three rapids so strong that we had to carry our skiff about half a mile. The only serious trouble we had was through the rapids where there were huge boulders; our Indian guide had lost his bearings. The water was like a millrace. We barely escaped upsetting as the boat filled with water. However, we reached Semiackiteen safely and met Mr. Moody, whom we knew well. Among the crowd there Day recognized a suspicious looking fellow whom we had seen at Bear Gulch weeks before. This character posed as a newspaper correspondent from San Francisco. Day was sure he was after my gold dust, so we represented ourselves as being connected with the Oregon Railroad and Navigation Steamship Company of Portland and that we intended placing a line of steamers on the river. Al-

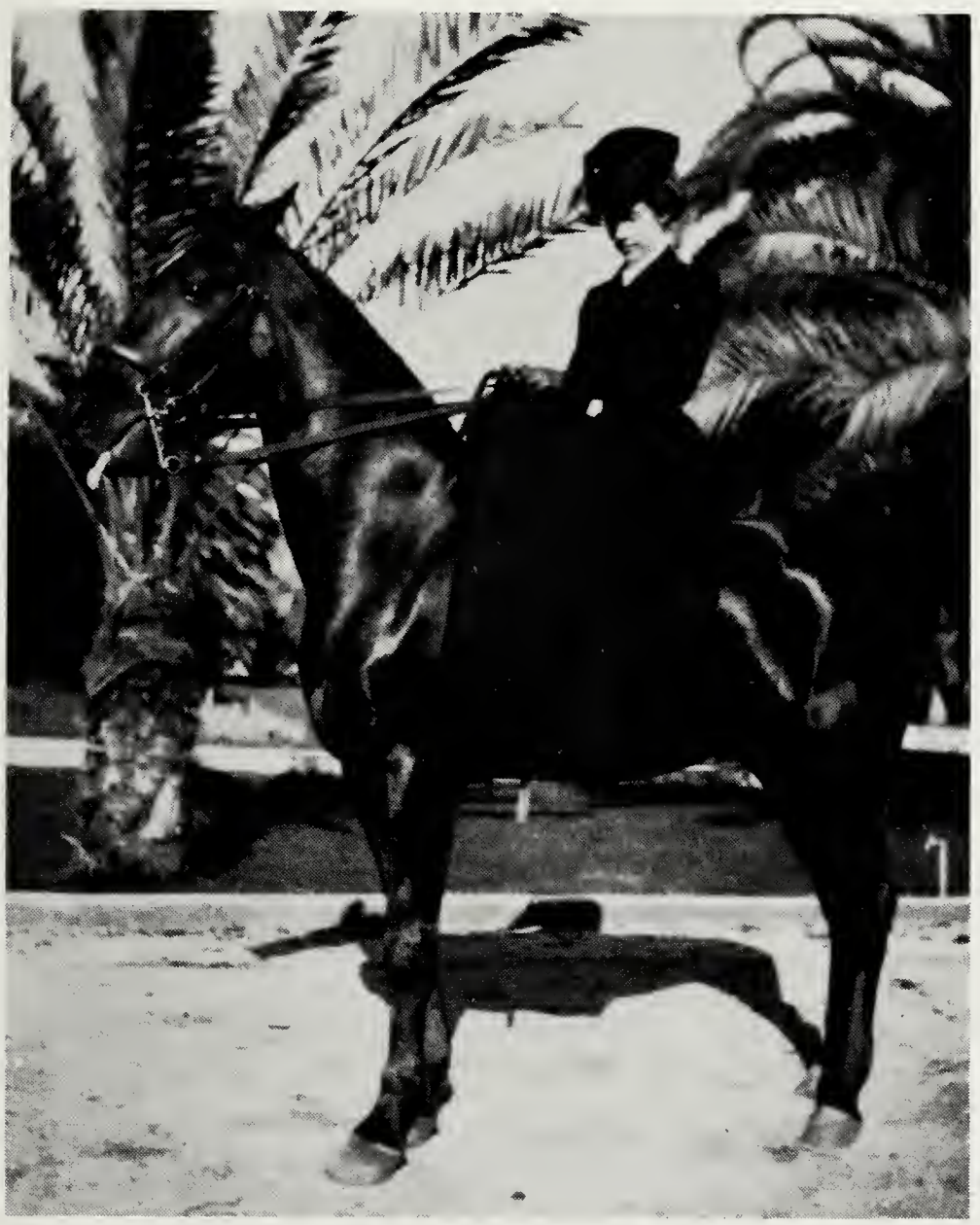
though our plan was to proceed directly to Walla Walla, we told the correspondent we would remain some time. We planned with Mr. Moody, a merchant, to go with his two teams of freight as far as Spokane Bridge, where his letter to a Spokane Indian asked him to supply us with horses for the rest of our journey. Also we arranged with Moody not to allow any one to accompany the freight teams. Before the teams left the village we had our baggage and gold dust placed in the wagons; but we quietly walked in the opposite direction and when out of sight made our way to the road where we would intercept the wagons. When the teams arrived, much to our disgust we saw the same suspicious character sitting by one of the drivers. We reached Spokane Bridge, where we presented our letter to the Indian Chief and obtained horses from him. So with my gold dust in two canteens lashed on one horse we struck out. We travelled about three hundred yards apart in case of hold-up. At the end of two days we reached the ferry at Snake River, where we spent the night at a half breed's shack. Each night Fairchild and I took turns guarding the gold. I employed the half breed to take us in our new boat to Waltsburg; this was a twenty mile trip, halfway to Walla Walla. There we noticed a horse with a rifle hanging from the saddle and the owner appeared to be a rough-looking customer armed with a brace of pistols. When he found out that we were going to Walla Walla, he asked to join us. I told him he could accompany us if he would lead my horse, which was very lazy, while I rode behind and spurred

up the animal. He replied he would be damned if he would lead a pack horse. This made us suspicious, and I did not propose to travel with him, so I handed the keeper of the saloon a five dollar bill to treat the fellow with whiskey and try to hold him there until we reached a fork in the road a quarter of a mile away, but in sight of the saloon. Then the saloon keeper should tell him that we were taking the *right* hand road—but we with my precious gold followed the *left* hand road. This intersected the other road just before we reached Walla Walla. Here we were joined by the surprised and tipsy rascal, cursing and expostulating. When we arrived at the bank and I deposited my gold, he understood why I had avoided and tricked him!"

ANOTHER ENCOUNTER WITH HOSTILE INDIANS

In 1871 father bought cattle in Texas and drove them through Utah to Montana. He related this almost calamitous encounter: "Near Soda Springs we struck camp for the night on the bank of a lovely stream of water. At about the same time some four or five hundred Bannock Indians appeared and camped about two hundred yards above us. They were on their way to the East side of the Rocky Mountains to hunt buffalo. They lived on the meat and also prepared 'Pimakin,' a pounded dried buffalo meat soaked in the stomach linings of the animals. This meat was to be an important part of their diet during the following winter. During the night one of my cows left the herd. I followed her tracks to an elevated spot, where I sighted in the distance four objects which proved to be three Indians on horseback, driving the fourth object, my cow, in front of them. I proceeded to overtake them, but when I got within three hundred yards, they whirled about, pointing their guns at me to frighten me away. But I didn't scare so easy, for I realized they were too far away to hit me. I stood my ground, as I was unwrapping my whip, they thought I was loosening my gun and at once they whirled off to one side in the sage brush and disappeared. I rounded up my cow and was leisurely heading towards camp when suddenly over the brow of the bank thirty Indians surrounded me—three of

them drew their Henry rifles and pointed them at me, but the others, being friendly, jumped in between us and no shots were fired. I had no gun, so for five minutes sat on my horse while the Indians disputed among themselves whether to kill me. I said not a word. Finally three or four opened a little gap and whispered to me, 'You go,' but so low that even I couldn't understand. When I didn't hear, they hollered '*You go!*' and I *went,* never looking back until a hundred yards or more was between us. Then I saw they were all leaving, and counted thirty of them."



Marion Churchill in her 'teens

Father and Owen fish at Lake Chelan, Washington

BUFFALO AND SNAKE HUNTING

In 1872, father journeyed to Montana. Here he recognized the advantages of Montana as a cattle growing country, and located in Sun River Valley, near Great Falls, where he remained for twenty years buying and selling cattle all the way from Texas to the Canadian border. He turned his cattle out on a large range of grazing land. The first winter was very severe. Thousands of buffalo, three hundred miles north, would turn their heads early in the season from the northern storms and continue south with the rains. This was a great detriment to the ranchers as the buffalo ate the grass intended for the cattle. The greatest sport among the ranchers was hunting buffalo for weeks at a time. In lusty and boisterous spirit, twelve or fifteen cowboys mounted on their favorite cow ponies would see how many buffalo they could kill. Each man had sixteen cartridges. The winner was the one who produced the greatest number of tongues cut from the mouths of that many buffalo.

Still another sport was snake hunting. In my father's own words he narrated: "During the winter time there was for the cowboys 'plenty of nothing to do,' so I got the idea of making the lazy scallawags build a dam across the stream down the meadow, to turn the water over our fields. While digging in the slopes, our pick

axes would strike holes, sort of caves, where we found masses of writhing rattlesnakes hibernating. Coming in contact with the cold winter air, the reptiles would become logy and start freezing. We would then drag them out of their nests, straighten them on the ground and let them freeze some more. Finally we would bend over their heads and use them as walking canes. But after awhile the heat of our hands would revive the snakes and out would come their little tongues and then we'd have to throw them away."

Marion Raulston with her portraits of Catalina fishermen

Burrell O. Raulston, M.D.

HE BUILDS A HOME NEAR GREAT FALLS

In 1873, at Sun River Junction, near Great Falls, Montana, eight miles from any railroad, my father bought vast ranch and grazing lands. Here he devoted his attention to stock raising and the building of a two story ranch house. He used the brand OC (Owen H. Churchill; the bar in the middle formed the H for his name Humphrey). This brand is still being used by the ranchers who bought his cattle and also by my brother, Owen Porter Churchill, on his OC Ranch in Tulare County. In 1915, when we were driving from Los Angeles to the San Francisco Exposition, a detour of many miles through cattle land had to be taken. Suddenly we saw a cow grazing on a hill, and much to our astonishment she was branded with our OC brand.

My father related many encounters with cattle rustlers and outlaws in the days when it was necessary sometimes to take the law in one's own hands. Often he would see victims dangling from the limbs of trees along the roads.

OC

HIS MARRIAGE AND WEDDING TRIP WEST

In 1882, when he was in Lexington, Kentucky, to buy horses, he met and married Francis Alberta Porter. Mother's wedding dress was a French import of gray and plum coloried satin and morie, which we still have. Her hat was close fitting, trimmed with ostrich tips and pink roses. They were married by her uncle, Reverend A. J. Jutkins, of the Methodist Church. He and his wife (my great Aunt May) had brought up my mother from the time she was five years old, when her mother passed away.

On their wedding trip west to his Montana ranch, they came by way of the Southern Pacific Railway to Los Angeles. At that time there were no diners, and they had to eat poor food at the railroad stations. In Los Angeles they stayed at the Pico House and also visited Mrs. Lyman Gage, of Evanston (Illinois), and the Coxes, who had a large orange grove at 17th and Figueroa Streets.

They proceeded on to the Yosemite Valley, where they spent a few days at the only hotel, which was built around a large redwood tree. A week was enjoyed at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco. My father was well known in San Francisco, and they were entertained extensively. They visited such places as "Woodward Gardens," which had a zoo and a lake; and a saloon

down on the old Barbary Coast, which was garlanded and draped with spider webs. and exhibited many ship curios, live monkeys and parrots.

Journeying on to Butte, they were entertained by my father's old friends, and Mother had her first experience of going down into a mine; the "W. A. Clark Mines." From Silver Bow they took the stage to Helena. Father always became car sick and therefore rode with the driver on top of the stage and left Mother inside to the mercy of fellow passengers. Next to her sat jolly Major Blane, who had evidently been drinking, and on her other side was an Irishman, whose gay stories kept the travellers amused most of the long, tedious night. Riding in these rocking and swaying Concord stages coaches impressed Mother as being a most venturesome and precarious experience. The swaggering driver herded his plunging horses down the steep hills and around the sharp curves with breath-taking speed but with incredible skill.

At Helena they remained five days waiting for a team of horses from Kentucky and an especially built buggy from St. Louis so that they could drive home instead of traveling by coach. The horses arrived but were sick with "epizooty" and had to be left there. So they had to continue after all by stage, eighty-five miles to their Sun River Ranch, where they were greeted by three colored servants sent up by my father from the south and two Negroes my mother had sent on. Her piano and boxes of furniture, china, silver, glassware and bric-a-brac were sent by freight up the Missouri

River to Fort Benton and then on by ox train. It was a decidedly new experience for Mother, who had never been west of Chicago. Their neighbors were miles away.

* * *

Four Generations: Mother Churchill, Marion Raulston, Kate Huettner, and David Huettner

THEIR LIFE ON THE MONTANA RANCH

THE town of Sun River was a compound of one general store, a saloon, a barber shop, and a school house which twice a month was used as a church by the Episcopalians and twice by the Methodists. Mother played the organ at the Methodist services. For some time their pastor was a Mr. Hall. The Churchills boarded him and supplied him with a fine saddle horse to use on his circuit around the country, where he conducted services and officiated at weddings and funerals. At these affairs the wealthy cattle men would give him from fifty to one hundred dollars as his fee.

On the west border of the ranch was Sun River, from which ditches brought their drinking water. Well water was so strongly alkaline that it could not be used. The only vegetables they raised were potatoes and cabbage. They used great quantities of canned goods, which were ordered only once a year from distant sources of supply. There were no fruit trees; the price of fruit was fifty cents a pound. The envy of their neighbors was a strawberry patch where each season they picked fifty boxes of delicious berries. Of course there were also barns, smoke and ice houses. They went trout fishing on their river, but not with rods; they used a pail or dipper, dipping up the trout. My mother wrote to Chicago friends bragging that she had

Barbara, Michael, and Howard Murphy

caught eighty-five trout in one morning!

During the first month there came from Fort Shaw, nine miles distant, many army officers and their ladies to call on my mother. Elaborate dinners were given; much of the food being shipped by express from Chicago. Montana was famous for its wonderful hospitality and lavish banquets.

Sun River at that time was on a large stream near Great Falls, now called Sun River Junction, and has no more stores or homes than it had in the old days.

They had no coal, so hard wood was used in the stoves. During the winter nights, fires would burn so low by midnight that every pitcher of water or milk had to be emptied to prevent them from freezing and breaking.

THEIR FIRST CHILD

MARION ESTELLE, myself, was born at the Montana ranch. As my mother's time was approaching, the prospective father drove in his buggy frantically many miles to fetch the Army doctor. In the meantime the birth easily took place with only a Negro maid assisting. My mother planned a good joke on the two men. As they were arriving she hid the baby under the blanket and pretended nothing had happened. The doctor exclaimed in surprise, "Well, good. The patient looks fine! Now I'll make an examination." Pulling the blanket away the physician discovered the new-born babe. He and the proud father were dumbfounded! There was only one trained nurse in Fort Shaw, but Mother fortunately was able to secure her services for two weeks.

What horrified my mother most was the custom of the wealthy white men of Montana who took Indian squaws as common law wives. White women were so scarce in those days! These ranchers were very good to their half breed children; they provided college educations for them, and assisted in obtaining positions for them. When the men called on my father, they often brought their squaws and many children along in carriages, but these were never taken into the house; instead the ranchers would lead them around the house and park them in the back yard, where food was brought to them as they squatted Indian fashion on the ground.

Barbara and Howard Murphy

CHURCHILL SELLS OUT TO BENJAMIN HARRISON

MY FATHER continued dealing and operating in cattle until 1884, when he sold out his herds to Benjamin Harrison and Associates. Subsequently Harrison became President of the United States. He stopped at Los Angeles on a trip through the West and was met at the train by a delegation from the Chamber of Commerce; among them was my father. Much to the embarrassment of the welcoming committee, my father, an old friend of Harrison's, approached the President and exclaimed in his usual frank and brusque manner, "Well, Benjamin, I hope you will run your Country better than you did your cattle ranch."

During his rough and tough living in the mining and cattle business my father never became addicted to drink or smoking. Late in his life his Los Angeles friends used to see him with a cigar in his mouth, but it was never lighted. On one occasion in his early mining days he traded a saddle for a system to beat the Faro game. He tried it out that night and won easily. A man watching his success offered him all he had for this winning system, but father just laughed at him and refused his proposition. He never used the trick again. He just wanted to have a little fun, that was all!

In 1884 they left Montana. His leaving was signalized by expressions of regard and appreciation on the

part of the press and the public generally. Traveling by stage, they stopped over night at a stage station, and the following day arrived at Helena, where my father had to remain several days to finish the sale of his cattle. He sent my mother and myself (four months old) on by train. Among the passengers who helped take care of me when my mother got off to eat at the railroad stations was the famous Gentleman Jim Corbett, who dangled me on his knee. When my mother had to change trains at the Junction to get to her father's hunting lodge on Lake Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, the conductor and the porter were greatly worried about us, because it was winter time and there was no railroad station, just a small telegraph office. They persuaded the telegraph agent to let us use his tent. Our train to Colfax was due to leave that morning, but the prominent Vice President of the Railroad wired from Portland to hold our train until his arrival. After this news the agent had a Chinaman build a fire in our Pullman car. Here he took Mother and me and had my mother's meals sent in to her, because, he assured her, "the eating place is no fit spot for a lady." At ten o'clock that night the Vice President showed up and exclaimed to my mother, "I'll bet you're Charlie Porter's daughter, and I guess you're mighty disgusted with me!" (He had heard she was coming through.) Her father met us at three o'clock in the morning. After our visit we had to take a night train to Spokane, where my father joined us, and we traveled on towards our future home, Los Angeles.

Kate and John Huettner

LIFE ON FIGUEROA STREET

IN 1885 my father engaged a contractor in San Francisco to build a three story home on three acres of land at 2201 South Figueroa Street. The land fronting on Figueroa cost approximately $3,500.00, the three Estrella Street lots, west, were bought later.

The residence had but one bath room which contained a zinc bath tub. Although the building cost only $9,000.00, it had most elaborate and costly decoration. On the exterior was much iron work and inside, the doors, side boards, mantel pieces over the four fireplaces, wainscoting and stairways were built of a great variety of hardwood. There were magnificent chandeliers of brass; bronze door knobs, elaborately painted windows and doors, and tile brought from Europe. Also a stable was built for father's horses and carriages; at one time there was even a cow! And there was added a wagon house and two lath houses for the chickens.

Drinking water was supplied from a cistern. Father would let the rain water run off the roofs for hours until they were clean before he allowed the water to run into the cistern.

We raised citrus trees, a great variety of fruit trees, figs, walnuts and vegetables. Wheat fields were used for the horses to feed on. The lawns, fields and orchards were irrigated only by water let in at certain hours or

days from the "Zanja" (a ditch of cement) running parallel with the sidewalk along Figueroa Street. This "Zanja" was a fearful object to us children. It was not covered and was often filled with dark oily water. We were constantly terrified of falling in and being carried in the swift water to manholes under the crossing streets. My father had to pay for water rights and gas pipes for two miles from the center of town.

A camp wagon was purchased for the family to go on camping trips, but it was never used except by the birds and hens for making their nests and by us to play in, and pretend we were in a covered wagon!

In the early days a horse-drawn street car ran from Washington Street along Figueroa Street to Exposition Park. Figueroa Street was not paved until about 1908.

During the heavy rains, when Figueroa Street would be flooded with water, the young blades of the neighborhood, such as Karl and Ernest Klokke, James Slauson, Sam Bonsal, Norwood Howard, Byron Erkenbrecker, Charles Lovel Wright, Lyman and Maynard McFie, Carlton Burke, Percy Bonebrake, William Durfee, the MacNeil and Vosburg boys, and Gus and Emil Knecht had great fun guiding their rowboats down the swollen river. They also used Figueroa Street to race their horses and tandem, and organized a "Gentlemen's Driving Club." John W. Wolters was often seen in his racing tandem. Mrs. Ella Brooks Solano with her team of dark brown horses, and Mr. Solano driving four horses were much admired. Also Mrs. Mark Sibley

Severance, great horse woman, drove by in her Victoria. Later they fixed up a crude race track at Agricultural Park, the present site of Exposition Park and the Coliseum. The small horse-drawn cars running out Main Street to Jefferson took the crowd; under the grandstand was a long bar for "refreshments." Betting was done by betting commissioners. This Club in 1900 had more than one hundred members, the officers at that time being: Willard Stimson, president; Dr. M. L. Moore, vice president; J. G. Fay, treasurer; C. H. Chandler, secretary. The directors were John H. Norton, H. G. Bundrem, Dr. H. Bert Ellis, Nathaniel Y. Myrick, Byron Erkenbrecker, John H. Mott, Walter Vail, and A. M. Edelman. Later on the track for horse races was laid out near Central Avenue and Slauson. There was also a threesome that called themselves "The Three Musketeers" — John Knight, Neal Brent, and Harry Robinson. Wearing sombreros and white suits (even in the winter) they would ride their horses to call on and court their girl friends, who lived on Adams, Figueroa, and Twenty-eighth Streets.

In 1897 three more rooms and an additional bath room were added to our home. The furnace was not installed until 1907; at the same time electric lights were added.

After Father gave up his horses and used the street cars he was always afraid of being held-up at night, so he conceived the idea of always getting off the cars at different points. Colonel Klokke, who lived next to us, was held up at his front door and robbed of his pay roll

money. Sounds just like life today in 1950!

A wise man was our father. He believed in getting us away from the ocean during the summers. Each year as soon as school was out he would take us all to the mountains of the great northwest—away from dampness, telephones and telegraph. For fourteen summers we hunted and fished in the beautiful Mount Shasta country. We made trips also to Idaho, Washington, and British Columbia. On one of our trips to Shasta, while the train stopped a few minutes at Shasta Springs, mother pulled up by the roots a tiny cedar tree—planted it in our front garden, and this grew to be a beautiful tree.

Jack and David Huettner

INTERESTS IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF LOS ANGELES

SHORTLY after his arrival in Los Angeles my father became associated with George D. Rowan. They bought the northeast and northwest corners of Broadway and Sixth Streets. Father became prominently identified with the growth and development of the city and was one of the founders of the Chamber of Commerce. He and John Marble organized the National Bank of California at Second and Spring Streets. He was for ten years Vice President, and a heavy stockholder of this bank, which later became the Merchants National Bank and still later the Bank of America, and then the Trans-America Bank. He was in charge of all loans and also loaned his money personally. He had large investments in Union Oil, of which company he was a director until he died. While he was in the cattle business in Montana he became a director in each of two banks in Great Falls. Imbued with an indomitable spirit, he had battered down encroaching obstacles and conquered hard times and depressions. Father *never* missed a meeting of the National Bank of California. Since he hated automobiles he often walked from his home to the bank.

Although he had incorporated his estate, up to 1912 he paid all bills with twenty dollar gold pieces which he kept in piles on the top shelves of his clothes closet.

I remember as a young girl climbing up on the drawers of the closet, gazing upon these hoards of gold and being tempted to steal just one gold piece!

Francis Pierpont Davis

Gertrude Alberta Davis

Gay and Jim Kuehn

MY SISTER AND BROTHER ARE BORN

Two other children were born in Los Angeles; another daughter, Gertrude Althea, born August 20, 1886, and a son, Owen Porter, born March 8, 1896.

Until a few years before his death my father wore high leather boots. In Montana he dressed well, proud of his frock coats; but after moving to Los Angeles he seemed to lose interest in fine clothes. Perhaps this was a result of failing health.

At the age of 72 he was keen of eye, hale and hearty, with a charming personality that characterizes the gentlemen of the old school. A self-made man in every sense of the word—his life was an exemplification of what can be accomplished by perseverance, tireless energy, and a determination to surmount all obstacles. He regretted very much that he had not had a college education. Many times he spoke about this, stating "how much smarter" he might have been. Notwithstanding, he was a man mightier than circumstances, with an indomitable will and unflagging courage.

My father, at the age of 75 years, died quite suddenly, April 20, 1916. For many years he had been suffering from stomach trouble.

Our mother, at the age of 86 years, passed away November 22, 1943, after a long illness. She was born at Mexico, Oswego County, New York. She attended Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois. In

Los Angeles she was a charter member of the Friday Morning Club; later she joined the Ebell Club, the Women's Athletic Club, and became a life member of "Town and Gown" of the University of Southern California.

Tommy and Bill Kuehn

I ENTER THE ART WORLD

My formal education was at Marlborough School in Los Angeles, where I graduated in 1902, and at National Park Seminary in Washington, D.C. From an early age I had developed an interest in painting portraits, influenced by two great aunts, Aunt May and Aunt Stell (both on my mother's side). This resulted in my attendance at Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, New York, and later as a student of Professor Skarbina in Berlin, Germany. Formal training in art was completed at the Los Angeles County Art Institute. The portraits that I have painted have been exhibited in the usual places in California and in New York City and have had at least moderate recognition; especially the fishermen of all nationalities. These I painted at Catalina Island. As a result of my interest in art I have been an active member and at times an officer in a number of art organizations. Among these may be mentioned "The Women Painters of the West," "The California Art Club of Los Angeles," "The Women Painters and Sculptors of New York City," "The Artists of the Southwest," "The Los Angeles Art Association," "The Los Angeles County Art Institute Alumnae Association," and "The Pasadena Art Institute."

In World War II, my interest was with the "Vocational Aides" of "Art in National Defense." For four years the craft and art instructors in this organi-

zation taught the veterans in the Corona Naval Hospital, Sawtelle Veterans Hospital, Pasadena Military Hospital, the Torney Army Hospital at Palm Springs, the Long Beach Naval Hospital, and the Santa Monica Rest Home. My efforts with this group resulted from the suggestions of Sherman Dandy that I organize such a service. I became Chairman and those who joined the project gave long hours, devoted effort and rendered a valuable service to the sick and wounded in the hospitals in this community. This group of women at the Long Beach Naval Hospital put in more than 11,000 hours instructing the men in leather tooling, wood carving, weaving and painting; and our artists did life-size portraits of the boys for them to send to their families. These women taught 45,000 men at the various hospitals. Money for craft materials was raised by members and friends of "Art in National Defense." For my services in the rehabilitation program I was presented a certificate of achievement issued by the Surgeon General of the Navy, Washington, D.C., Rear Admiral Clifford A. Swanson (M.C.), U.S.N.

My first marriage was to David Henry McCartney (1871-1948). He was also a descendant of a pioneer family. His mother's mother, born in Ireland, came to Canada in 1800; she lived to be 102 years old. His mother, Nora Madigan, born 1846 in Canada, moved to Marinette, Wisconsin, in 1863, where in 1870 she married William McCartney, engaged in the lumber business. In the disastrous Peshtigo fire, they lost their lumber mill and home, and they barely escaped on a

raft down the river. Mr. McCartney had to start all over again to rebuild his fortune. In 1882 they moved to Los Angeles. They resided at Jefferson and Main Streets, then at 927 Orange Street (near Figueroa), and finally at 802 Beacon Street. Nora McCartney was a widely known philanthropist; she founded the Juvenile Court of Los Angeles, and was a capable and keen businesswoman. She had seven children. She, with the aid of her eldest son, David, and youngest son, Fred, contributed extensively to the real estate development of this city. The large Washington Gardens were one of their first investments.

* * *

My two children:

Barbara Jeanne McCartney, born April 21, 1910. She was married to Dr. Howard Francis Murphy, October 17, 1942. He is a graduate of the University of Southern California and its School of Dentistry. They have one son, Michael Kevin Murphy, born September 6, 1946. They reside at 1536 Sorrento Drive, Pacific Palisades. Dr. Murphy was in service in the Navy for two years in World War II, as a Lieut. Senior Grade, Dental Corps. Barbara received her education at Girls Collegiate School and at the University of Southern California, where she received the degree A.B. As an expert horsewoman, she participated in the Hunter and Pleasure Classes of the horse shows and won a number of blue ribbons. One of her interests is

Althea and Hugo Lucic

amateur photography and she has won several awards in this field with the Junior League group of photographers.

Kathleen Churchill McCartney, born May 28, 1912, graduated from Girls Collegiate School and from Marlborough School. On December 28, 1931, she was married to John Robert Huettner, of Washington D.C. Two sons were born to them, David McCartney, on December 6, 1932, and John Robert, Jr., on March 4, 1936. They reside at Rancho Santa Fe. At present they are interested in raising Palominos. Kate is a chip off the old block! She won many blue ribbons at horse shows with her horses, "Gladstone," "Harvest Dream" (Palomino), a Tennessee Walker, and three registered quarter horses. John Huettner is an expert fisherman. With their fishing cruisers, "Katy-did" and "Howdo," they have caught about twenty marlin. My daughter Kate brought in seven! Now, they are going in for cattle raising, just as her grandfather did!

My Marriage to Dr. Raulston

On May 12, 1925, I married Dr. Burrell Otto Raulston. We live at 200 South Hudson Avenue, Los Angeles 4. Dr. Raulston was born January 28, 1886, at Mossy Creek, Jefferson County, Tennessee. The town has adopted what is considered a more appropriate name, Jefferson City. When the prospective doctor was three months old his family moved westward a few miles to Strawberry Plains, where he attended primary and secondary school. He graduated, A.B., in 1909, from Maryville College, near Knoxville. The next three summers were spent as a graduate student at the University of Chicago. During the two school years, 1909-1911, he was assistant in the Department of Chemistry at Ripon College, Ripon, Wisconsin. In 1911 he entered the School of Medicine at the University of Chicago and graduated from the affiliated school, Rush Medical College, in 1915. He served one year as an interne in the Presbyterian Hospital of Chicago under Dr. Frank Billings and he became resident pathologist in this same hospital in 1916 and served there as Resident Instructor in Pathology. Finally he was Assistant Clinical Professor of Medicine in Rush Medical College until 1924, when he moved to Los Angeles, where he became a member of the staff of St. Vincents Hospital. During the school year, 1926-27, he did research work for eight months in the Department of Physiology wtih Dr. Leon Asher at the University of Berne, Switzerland. From May, 1929, he spent one year in the laboratory of the late Thomas Addis at Lane Hospital, Stanford Univer-

sity School of Medicine. In 1929 he was appointed Professor and Chairman of the Department of Medicine at the newly organized School of Medicine of the University of Southern California. In 1942 he was appointed Dean of the School of Medicine and still holds that office.

Peter, Tana, Hugo and Hugo, Jr., Lucic

MY SISTER GERTRUDE

GERTRUDE ALTHEA was educated at Marlborough School, Snell Seminary, Berkeley, and at Madame Le Fevre, Baltimore. In my father's later years Gertrude was of great assistance to him in his business activities. She attended with him all directors' meetings and kept his books and records. She is considered a shrewd and capable business woman. On November 17, 1909, she was married to Francis Pierpoint Davis, A.T.A., well known architect and yachtsman. He designed beautiful St. John's Episcopal Church at Adams and Figueroa Streets, for which he was given "The Award of Distinguished Honor in Architecture" by the Southern California Chapter of the "American Institute of Architects," which is the highest honor that can be bestowed on one of its members. It is interesting to note that my sister, Gertrude, was confirmed in this church, that her two daughters were christened in it, as were also her grandchildren and my grandchildren. He was one of the five architects of the Los Angeles County Hospital. Mr. Davis was also one of the four architects in charge of plans and design of the Pentagon, Washington, D.C., where he remained one year on this commission. He was also elected "Fellow of the American Institute of Architects." For many years he has served on the "Los Angeles Art Commission," of which he was President for several years. Mr. Davis volunteered in World War I in the heavy artillery. He

Owen Porter Churchill

was Commodore of the "California Yacht Club" and of the "Los Angeles Yacht Club." He is still racing his ten meter sloop, the "Santa Maria." The Davises have lived at 500 South Rossmore Avenue since 1921.

The Davises have two daughters, Gabrielle Churchill and Althea Churchill.

Gabrielle Churchill, born September 11, 1914. She attended Marlborough School, U.C.L.A., and Stanford. Her interests are photography and working with the Junior League. Gay married William James Kuehn, of Los Angeles, November 17, 1941, on the anniversary of the marriage of her mother and father. They have two sons, William Pierpont, born February 11, 1944, and Thomas Churchill, born December 6, 1945. They live at 2114 Estrella Avenue, part of the old Figueroa Street property. This house was designed by Gay's father for her mother's and his honeymoon. Both Gabrielle and Althea were born in this house. Jim Kuehn, educated at U.C.L.A., served three years in the Naval Reserve, Supply Corps, in the Pacific War Zone during World War II, and was discharged as Commander. He is First Vice President of Mission Dry Corporation.

Althea Churchill, born July 6, 1916, attended Marlborough School, the University of Southern California, then studied painting and sculpture at Chouinards, and finished her education at Cumnock's. On March 28, 1942, she married Dr. Lucas Hugo Lucic. Dr. Lucic was born July 31, 1901, at Dubrovnik, Yugoslavia. His preliminary education was obtained in Chile, South

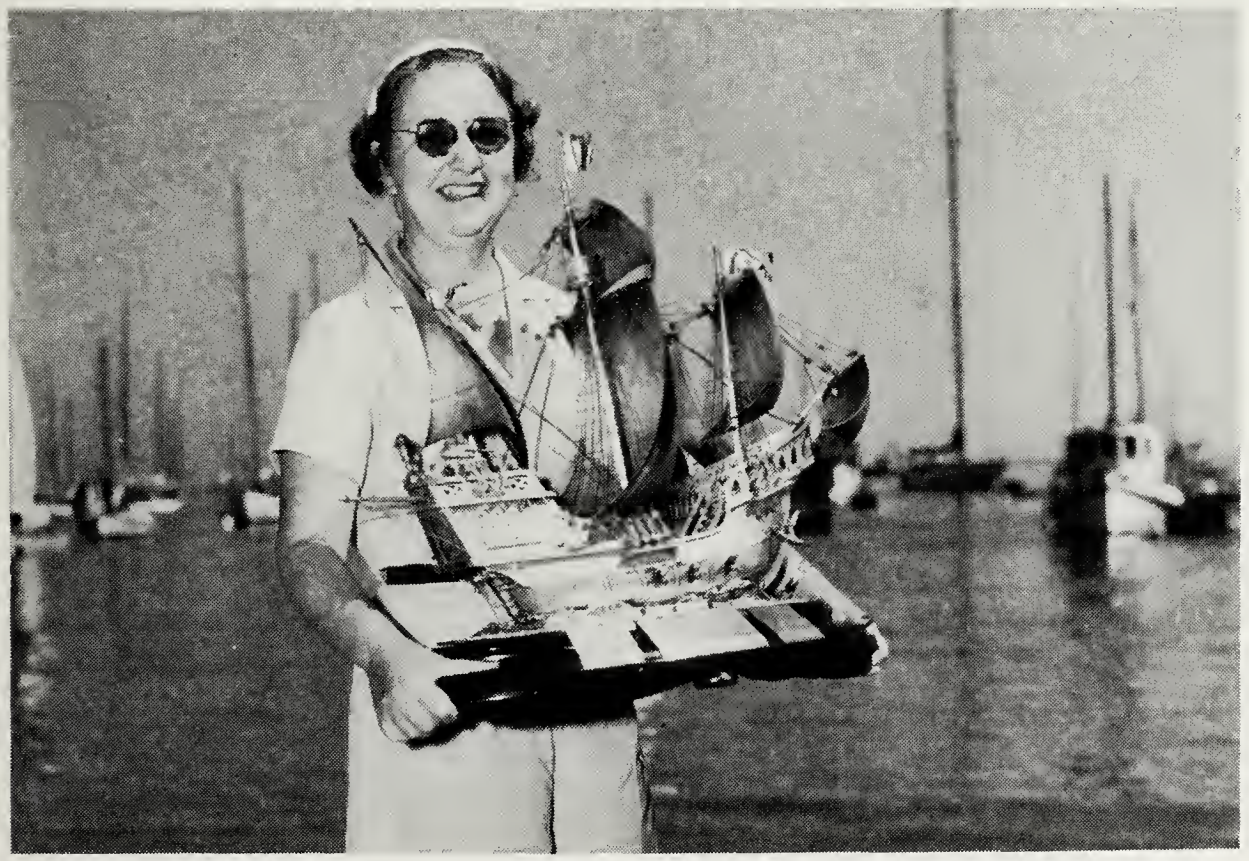
America, and at York College, York, Nebraska, where he received his B.A. degree. He graduated from the School of Medicine of the University of Nebraska. From 1932 to 1933 he attended the University at Vienna, Austria, where he took special courses in Ophthalmology. He spent three years at Johns Hopkins University as Fellow and Assistant. He served for five years in the U. S. Navy Reserve, San Diego, in World War II, was discharged as Captain, and received a citation from the Secretary of the Navy for "outstanding service as Head of the Department of Ophthalmology at the Naval Hospital, San Diego." They have three children: Peter Churchill, born June 4, 1943; Hugo Swindell, born April 11, 1945; and Althea Ann (Tana) born August 21, 1946. They reside at La Jolla in the summer home Father Churchill built over the Caves at 7839 Prospect Place.

MY BROTHER OWEN

OWEN PORTER CHURCHILL was born March 8, 1896. He attended Stanford University, Class of 1919. On August 30, 1915, he married Lucille Cliff, born at Grafton, North Dakota. She graduated from Girls Collegiate School of Los Angeles. He is a yachtsman, and has won many sailing championships in the Star, "R," "PW," "Q" and eight meter classes. He has been on the "Olympic Yachting Committee" since 1928 and was manager of the "U. S. Olympic Yachting Team" in 1928, 1932, and 1936. He represented the United States in the eight meter class with his yacht "Babe" in 1928 at Amsterdam, Holland; and with his eight meter yacht, "Angelita," in 1932 at Los Angeles, when he won the Gold Medal and the Olympic Championship. In 1936, he raced also in the Berlin Olympics at Kiel. Among his crew were his wife Lucille, his daughter Toni, my daughter Barbara, and Gertrude Davis' two daughters, Gabrielle and Althea. A sea-going and widely traveled family were all of the Churchills! He is now Vice President of Olympiads of Southern California and is a director of the "Southern California Committee for the Olympic Games." He is Lt. Commander, U.S.N.R. (Retired), having served in World War I and World War II. On one of his cruises to Tahiti, one of the islands of the French Society Group, he and his wife leased a plantation for two years. Here my brother, noticing the crude fins the natives used

on their feet for swimming and spearing fish, conceived the idea of improving them and molding them out of rubber to be used for life saving and teaching youngsters to swim, as well as for spear fishing under water. When they returned to Los Angeles, he experimented for many months before perfecting and inventing the "Owen Churchill *Swim-Fins*," which are regular equipment of the "U. S. Navy Underwater Demolition Teams" and the British Admiralty "Frogmen." They were used extensively in the South Pacific and during the Normandy invasion in World War II. On the O. H. Churchill Vineyard he raises choice table grapes, sold and shipped under the "Galliano Brand" label. The Churchills have lived at 108 North Las Palmas since 1925.

Owen and Lucille Churchill have two daughters, Antonia and Patricia Lucille.



"Babe" Churchill with the silver yachting trophy presented by the King of Spain

Antonia was born May 6, 1919. She attended Marlborough School, and after she graduated from U.C.L.A. in 1942, was for three years Secretary of the Department of Athletics at U.C.L.A. In 1946 she was married to Douglas Cockcroft Lance. Mr. Lance was born in New York City, educated at Amherst College (B.A., 1934), Columbia University, and the University of Pennsylvania. He served for four years in World War II, and was discharged as Lt. Commander, U.S.N.R. He is now Advertising Manager of "Oil" with Miller Freeman Publications in Los Angeles. The Lances have two daughters, Cynthia Ellen, born February 21, 1947, and Wendy Churchill, born December 1, 1948. They live at 509 West Grand View, Sierra Madre.

Cindy and Wendy Lance

Toni and Doug Lance

Owen H. Churchill, II

A son, "Buddy," Owen Humphrey Churchill, born April 30, 1921, was killed by accident at their residence, 108 North Las Palmas, in 1928.

Patricia Lucille, born August 19, 1929, graduated from Marlborough and Stephens College (1950), where she majored in art and was President of the "Prince of Wales Riding Club." Her interest was "horses," and she won several blue ribbons with her Palomino, "Dream Gold Diablo." She was married August 30, 1950, to Robert Louis Wink, of Detroit, Michigan, who graduated from Notre Dame in 1950. He is now connected with his father's Chevrolet agency in that city. They live in Detroit.

Pat and Bob Wink

Owen and Babe Churchill celebrate their 35th anniversary at the time of Pat and Bob Winks' wedding

OTHER RELATIVES

OTHER relatives of O. H. Churchill residing in Los Angeles now are:

Pearle Churchill Burnfield, my father's favorite cousin. She remembers my father and Uncle Tom visiting her home at Oakland, Oregon, when she was only eight years old. Her family moved tc Yakima, Washington, where she and my father exchanged letters for many years. Later they returned to Cottage Grove, Oregon, where my father visited them. She was born at Roseburg, Oregon, September 30, 1877, and married F. D. Burnfield, April 6, 1900. They moved to Los Angeles, where they live at 914 Rosemont Avenue.

Pearle Churchill (Mrs. Wilbur E. Zimmerman), older daughter of Thomas Churchill, my father's brother, who was born in their covered wagon on the Oregon Trail. They live at 1600 Marley Drive, Hollywood, California.

Mollie Mildred Churchill (Mrs. John L. Plummer), second daughter of Tom Churchill. They live on the old Plummer property at 15720 Plummer Street, San Fernando. The Plummers have three children: John Churchill Plummer, married to Margaret Morgan; they have one daughter, Joan. Mary Lou Plummer (Mrs. Marksbury Raney); they have a daughter, Mollie, and a son, John. Kathryn Plummer (Mrs. Oliver Blanke).

Thomas Alexander Churchill, only son of Tom Churchill, married Betty Jones, of Los Angeles, and lives at 215 South Wilton Avenue, Los Angeles. They have a daughter, Beverly.

* * *

Reading, left to right:

Barbara McCartney, Gay Davis, Toni Churchill, Pat Churchill, Lucille Churchill

John Morrow, Carl Dorsey, Owen Churchill, Robert Sutton, William Keane.

1936 Olympic 8 Meter Yachting Team beside yacht "Angelita" prior to leaving for Kiel, Germany

EPILOGUE

THE experiences of the Churchill family were intimately related to the home at 2201 South Figueroa Street for many years. One after another of the three children married and left. Mother remained there until 1932, when she moved to my home at 200 South Hudson Avenue, where she lived until the time of her death.

All trees on the old place have now been removed with the exception of one giant palm in the northeast corner. In the crevices of this tree I used to hide notes for my girl friends. We hope this palm will not be taken by the Freeway, which in all probability will be constructed through our property.

The old home now has passed into a community of boarding and rooming houses, and second hand car dealers. There were many beautiful homes in this vicinity. The changes that have taken place in that community present a classical demonstration of the fact that residential real estate, at least in this part of the world, is the most fickle of all things.

We regret that our father could not have lived to have seen the wonderful growth of Los Angeles and his three children settled in their respective homes in Hancock Park.